

# after hours

50c

Vol. 1, No. 2



IN THIS ISSUE

TV'S ERNIE KOVACS

LILY ST. CYR

SPECIAL JAZZ PORTFOLIO



## **ADJUST GOGGLES AND FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS!**

Attention reader! Prepare to leave the trials and tribulations of the busy day . . .

Alert yourself to the hours of entertainment before you . . .

Get ready to blast off into the AFTER HOURS world of exciting features, picture stories and various assorted articles of people you know, and those you'd like to know.

This issue we bring you a galaxy of pictorial pleasure featuring TV's Ernie Kovacs, sports car queen Grace Curry, crowd pleaser Lily St. Cyr, musician Woody Herman, and a host of others—including a special Jazz Portfolio that we think you'll dig, from opening bar to closing Calypso . . .

We're off—to see America

# **after hours**



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Vol. 1

No. 2



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## A GIRL, a CAR and a GIMMICK

by LARRY NEWMAN

*The rocky road to fame can  
sometimes be traveled in a sports car  
—especially if the driver  
is a pretty girl . . .*

NEVER mind this nonsense about the "Atomic Age" and the "Electronic Age." We enlightened folk who thrive after hours know that this is the "Age of the Gimmick".

Society pressures for conformation. Madison Avenue regulations demand the gray flannel suit. Even the motorcycle set has adopted the bestudded leather jacket with accompanying fifty-mission crush hat as a uniform.

But who is the advertising executive with the largest expense account? Which night club acts send the daughters of Bistro owners through Bennington, Bryn Mawr, and other high priced institutions of learning? Always the personality with a "gimmick"!

Who can define the "gimmick"? Know-It-All Noah Webster calls it, "Any small device used to perform a trick." The big trick is to lift the gimmick's owner out of the commonplace. To put him into the money. To . . . (Oh, if you don't know



An antique 1910 Speedwell provides room  
for an up-to-date 1957 model, complete  
with racing helmet and smile.

Grace comments on the tight quarters in Skitch Henderson's sleek Lotus sports car.

what a "gimmick" is, put AFTER HOURS away and subscribe to the "Annals of the American Academy of Social Science").

Men predominate the list of gimmick manipulators. Perry Como is a "Bundle of Calm," Ed Sullivan is "Old Stoney Face," Jack Benny is a two-star gimmicker, "Miser of the Maxwell." Even Elvis has his gyrating pelvis.

Somehow the gals have mislaid the roadmaps for riding to the top via a "gimmick." True, a few women have the knack. Arlene Francis sells gas ranges and hotdogs to housewives who "just can't wait to see if she's wearing that darling heart locket." And speaking of "Dahling," hats off to Miss T. Bankhead for capitalizing on just that one word.

By and large, women feel they don't need a gimmick, they have one—sex. But, as professional observers of the gimmick, let us remember that Hollywood's casting couches have



The hood of a French Peugeot sedan makes an ideal spot for a shot of Grace (as seen through the windshield).



Exhausted Grace rests  
in her own Doodlebug  
roadster after  
viewing the 300 cars  
in the auto show.

been filled with beautiful misses who missed because they felt sex was gimmick enough.

But the gimmick (notice we discard the quotes as we get into our study of operational techniques) can "perform a trick." It can take an obscure Pitman, New Jersey lass out of her mother's candy store and put her on network teevee, on magazine covers, yes, even into the dol-drumic pages of the New York Times.

Less than a year ago, Grace Curry was just a good-looking girl working in her mom's home-made candy shoppe. True, she had done a little professional modeling. She had modeled sports clothes in a upstairs factory in downtown New York. She had demonstrated a handy-

appliance that did something or other. She had registered at all the model agencies in nearby Philadelphia.

Consuming passion of Gracie's existence tho, was cars. Gracie was car crazy. Not the big, shiny Eldorados the Philadelphia boys brought down to the track when they watched the stock races at Pitman. No, Gracie's passion was for pulsating pistons. She loved racing cars. Any kind. Stocks, drag rods, even the big Indianapolis 500 machinery.

No Side-line Susie was our Gracie. She not only watched the races, she studied the mechanical side—even took a part-time job in a garage. She bought a dragster called "the Doodlebug" from an engineer friend. She rebuilt

and raced the "Bug." Gracie was good enough to win two trophies in open competition. But—as a model—Gracie wasn't. She was just another kid with a pretty face and nice legs.

Then, Papa Providence turned the Big Book of Gracie's Life to the chapter which begins with "Once Upon A Time." A Philadelphia press agent was looking through model agency files to pick "Miss International Autorama" for the Quaker City's big auto show. Down in the corner of the agency data sheet he noticed "Hobbies: Auto racing."

Here was the gimmick! The gimmick for the press agent—and the gimmick for Grace. "Think of the possibilities, boss," the publicity guy must have gloated, "National coverage of this kid driving the Mayor through a gigantic paper hoop to open the show."

But Gracie's press agent must have been one of the new breed. They call themselves "public relations consultants." Part of their gimmick is honesty—give the other guy a break.

Accordingly, decision Number One of the press agent was that sex alone was not enough to be Gracie's gimmick. The big play would be given to Grace Curry—Girl Auto Racer (incidentally, Girl Girl).

As soon as Grace signed her contract, letters were dispatched to the big network shows, enclosing a picture of Grace but stressing her unusual background as a race chauffeur. A full program was laid out to exploit her drive for driving.

Edie Adams (see page 32), herself a sports car fan, agreed to crown the Autorama Queen in the privacy of her plush hotel suite—with only a few in attendance. (A few dozen press photographers, that is). Edie was playing Daisy Mae in the Philadelphia tryout of "L'il Abner," and is the wife of Ernie Kovacs, who was "Tonighting" for NBC at the time. Naturally then, the press agent pitched for Gracie's appearance on the show. And the crown used for Gracie—her racing helmet!

With a hotel suite for herself in a New York hostelry, Grace was then off on the town for advance shooting of publicity pictures. One of the wire services spotted the pictures, asked for exclusive rights. And a full page of pictures of the Pitman candy girl appeared in papers around the nation.

Gracie's womanly aspects were not to be neglected, by any means. A pair of shorts tucked in her handbag and racing helmet slung over her shoulder, Grace motored to New York again for more network television. As Gracie strolled into a video studio for rehearsal one 6 a. m., the nationally-famous emcee swung around for a better look—and fell right out of his chair (see accompanying photos for the obvious reason).

Renault Motors of France placed one of their 4CV models at Gracie's disposal for her use as Queen of the Autorama—and our piston-packin' mama was off for a tour of college campuses. Meanwhile, the world's largest industrial organization came up with their own gimmick for Grace. DuPont tied in by painting the "Doodlebug"







Classic lines of the English Jaguar and Grace Curry.



in a special gold lacquer, and placing Grace's car on exhibit in their section at the Automobile Show.

International Autorama closed with one of the best set of attendance figures of the show season, as thousands of car fans came from far and wide to take a look at Grace and her car—exploited by means of her "racing" gimmick. Thus, our gal became the major attraction for the auto spectacular.

And whither Grace Curry? Just before she left Philadelphia for Florida and the Daytona Beach races, she received a call from one of the top giveaway quiz shows on the air. How would Miss Grace Curry, candy shoppe clerk of Pitman, N. J., like to appear as a contestant in the category of "Auto Racing."

The checkered flag, trimmed with feminine lace, is starting to pay off for Miss Curry. ▲

You can't pull the "out-of-gas" routine with Grace, who knows the difference between a camshaft and a carburetor.



"SAM! Please! Not here!"

after hours

# Jazz

PORTFOLIO

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### THE EDITOR SPEAKS

by PETE TWADDLE

**G**REETINGS jazzbos!! With this issue our magazine begins a new feature—the title and subject of which you have already dug. Our little sessions with the printed page will have no rigid format; essentially we want to bring you informed lay opinion about the music that is most naturally for After Hours living and loving. We hope you'll have your share of kicks with us as we explore the tempos of our times.

The following three areas more or less outline our editorial policy. Each month we will swing loosely in and out of them, touching on current topics:

Area No. 1. Because it's most important, "Jazz on the Scene." We will at all times concentrate on bringing you news of the live performances in the clubs and the swinging type concert halls. What jazzmen play, at the latest date, and how they play is after all what you as a lover of the idiom, or as just a lover we hope, should be most informed of. *After Hours*, while having its own gone prejudices will report all available facts to you, and you can then draw your own conclusions.

Area No. 2. Reviews of the latest recorded samples of jazz for *After Hours* hi fi-ing. Face it, man (our editors

have), proper selection of your jazz LP's when you have a guest in the nest, never hindered the moment of truth ala your femme fatale!

Area No. 3. Critical examination of the historical and current status of jazz as a broad and jumping art-form; and of course of the musicians who make it hot and cool. In line with the great *After Hours* concept of living, this column will not stick its unwanted and perfunctory nose into the private lives of the men of jazz. We will, however, listen with full fidelity to what they may think about

jazz—past, present, and future.

This issue we'll kick off the "ON THE SCENE" caper and bring you the first of a series on the six great swing bands of 1937—Woody Herman at the Red Hill Inn, Pennsauken, New Jersey. The remaining hip five: Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton, Les Brown, Ted Heath, and Count Basie.

If our plans are crazy by your standards, then make the *After Hours* scene your regular beat. And if you feel so moved, drop ole Dad a card with comments and tell us all you know and all you need to know. Boffo man. ▲

## after hours RECOMMENDS:

The Latest Spectacular Vernacular—Available at the jazz dealers, bless'em:



ELLA

### ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS

Rodgers and Hart  
Verve LP

What is there to say? A must buy.

### THE MODERN JAZZ QUINTET

with Jimmie Guiffre at  
Music Inn  
Prestige LP

A pure gas for the mature jazz mind, not recommended for beginners, but no harm in trying. Guiffre has the only new clarinet sound in years and goes well with the ever experimenting MJO.

### THE MIDGETS—JOE NEWMAN

Vik LP

The Count of Basie's men turn to swing at lower volumes and the result is pleasing. We think the Basie style comes off with more natural appeal led by the inventive Newman horn, in small surroundings. Dig especially the title tune.

### THE BROTHERS NASH

Liberty LP

An old tenor star from Les Brown's 1946 Band of Renown, Ted Nash, and new trombone star Dick Nash combine their wonderful talent on some swinging original arrangements. Good jazz for one and all, salted with some weird and sensuous sounds.

### JACK TEAGARDEN

Capitol LP

Solos and vocals by the first great tram man, still great by our standards. Big T is shaded only by Louis Armstrong as a Dixie type singer. Just right for those cool moods with the flame of the hour.

### HAMP HAWES TRIO

Pacific Jazz LP

West Coast funky with piano, vibes, and bass. In our book, Hamp is a potential great. If you like loose swinging bop horn solos on piano, Hamp is your man, man!

*Jazz on the scene . . .*

by PETE TWADDLE

# WOODY HERMAN

*. . . and the Fourth Herd*



## QUIET PLEASE

In consideration of others who have gathered at Red Hill to listen only to the artists, and in deference to the talents of our performers, we respectfully request your cooperation . . . .

## QUIET PLEASE

THANK YOU

*Harvey Husten*

## RED HILL INN

RT. 130 (New York Highway)

RT. 73 (Tacony-Palmyra Bridge)  
Merionville 8-5540

THE above card appears on every table at the Red Hill Inn. The management policy reflected by it is one of the main reasons that this spot has become the mecca of Philadelphia's modern jazz set. For the past two years Harvey Husten, WKDN jazz disc jockey, has been staging weekly jazz concerts here under the title of "Jazz in Jersey." I don't think, "jazz has boomed," as Billboard claims, but Harve has kept it going and that is no mean accomplishment since the Inn is a good eight miles from down-town Philly.



Woody Herman's new Fourth Herd recently appeared at the Red Hill, and I welcomed the assignment to cover the event. I arrived early in the evening, tape recorder in hand. As I stepped into the entrance foyer to check my coat, the good swinging brass sounds filled my eager ears, and entering into the room proper I was immediately

impressed by the large size of the place (Harve later informed me they can seat comfortably about 450 people—a good sized club room by jazz standards), and by the attentiveness of the crowd. But most impressive by far was the great full fidelity sound that emanated from a half dozen well placed bass-reflex speakers. In short the Red Hill is no plush layout, but it is comfortable, clean, and focused around the bandstand which turns out to be of paramount listening value.

As we found our way to a table near the bandstand I recognized the strains of a jumping 'Captain Ahab,' a Manny Albam original from the last edition of the Third Herd. Scanning the band quickly I could find no major changes in instrumentation from the previous Herman band, so as yet I had no clue as to the meaning of the fourth herd title.

This is a new Herman organization. I think it was about one month old when they arrived at the Red Hill so natu-

rally things had not really reached the cohesive stage. But the potential is there as has been Woody's customary method of proceeding. The band has a nucleus of former Herdsmen to build around: the incomparable Bill Harris on trombone is the band's major soloist. Also featured is Victor Feldman on vibes. Vic you may recall is the young English boy that Woody brought back on his last European junket. I am happy to report that he has matured and is on the verge of becoming a major voice on his instrument. It seems to me that of all instruments associated with jazz the vibes have been the one that spawned the biggest number of top rank soloists in the last two years, (with the possible exception of the flute, which is really a newcomer to the jazz field).

Other men back for a second round are John Coppola and Bill Castagnino, trumpets, and Jack (Admiral) Nimitz baritone sax. The remainder of the band is all new to Herman though Vinny Tano's solo trumpet is fresh from a year's stay with Stan Kenton.

The band swings hard but not loosely as yet. New drummer Ray Burns has never played with a big band before and Woody is coaching him through the big drive numbers. A curious fact brought to my attention by Herman is that drummers are the toughest men to find. There is no training ground for a young drummer except the combos, as big bands have been mostly out of style for some years. The trombone section consisting of Bob Lamb, Willie Dennis, and Harris is the best part of the band at



Predominantly young crowd of jazz devotees take their music seriously. Photo shows portion of audience listening to Woody Herman.

Red Hill Inn's bright neon signals a cordial welcome to music lovers, who have come to regard the club as a mecca of modern jazz.



present. "I think we have the makings of one of the truly great trombone sections of all time," Woody told me between sets. The basic reed blend is still the three tenors and one baritone sound. There is no major voice among the tenors as of now, but Jack Nimitz contributes highly effective melody lines in his solo stints. The brass section has a wallowing attack but is a little strained in the trumpet section as yet. Make no mistake however, this Fourth Herd is still a major jazz organ in our time and will be, I am sure, a Herd worthy of the other three.

Certainly Woody has one of the most diversified books in the business to choose from. The great originals and ballad arrangements from the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Herds comprise a classic monument to jazz and there is no doubt that they will live in the history of American Jazz. Woody has said of the present group: "There is not any particular attempt being made to create another new concept of the band. Our real experimental days are over. This is an extension of the Third Herd but we'll play the new things and listen to the new kids as they come along." That type of thinking is typical of Woody. He won't try to be new and different again as in the 1st and 2nd bands, or throw out the synthesis of the 3rd, but he remains flexible enough to evolve into a new swing unit through evolution of personnel and arrangements.

Fortunately, as I said, Woody has his great past book to fall back on, and he does spice his sets nicely with a balance between all the herd eras. On opening night at the Red Hill Inn, we were treated to a variety that contained these outstanding numbers during the course of three sets: *Blues Groove*—from his new Capital Album of the same name—a good bounce tempo by John Coppola featuring a great Bill Harris solo; *Prelude to a Kiss*—a 2nd Herd Ralph Burns ballad arrangement that features Woody's alto; *Opus de Funk*—a now standard Horace Silver original; *Imagination*—solo standard by Bill Harris; *Bijou*—1st Herd (possibly the greatest thing ever done) by Herman, Burns, and Harris—dates from 1945; *Four Brothers*—a 2nd Herd jazz milestone which discovered

Jimmie Guiffre and the current sax voicing in 1948; *Stella by Starlight*—a ballad for Victor Feldman's vibes that revealed his true originality; *Midnight Sun*—a lovely new arrangement by Burns in the *Early Autumn* mold; *Misty Morning*—3rd Herd ballad; *Northwest Passage*—a great 1st Herd driving original that was a collaboration between bassist Chubby Jackson, Woody, and Burns and is still featuring that spine tingling Harris solo. A word about the *Passage*. It is significant that most of the ten or fifteen top numbers from the 1st Herd book still sound as modern and musically meaningful as anything you can hear these days. *Northwest Passage* is now an enshrined jazz gem and it still sounds as fresh as tomorrow morning.

If you were a 1st Herd addict like myself you may be happy to learn that there are air-checks from the old Wildroot radio show that Woody may put into album form. Watch for this!

In conclusion let us sum up our thoughts on the current Woody Herman Fourth Herd. It is not yet the best band in the land. For musicianship, Les Brown cuts it. For swinging, Basie is looser. For excitement, Kenton tops them. For variety of sound, Ellington socks 'em. Nonetheless the Herman Bands down through the years have proved better able to combine all of the above elements in a more successful workable jazz style than any of the others. And there is one area where no band can cut Woody to my way of thinking, and that is the ability of his band to play fresh intimate jazz and standard ballads. This is due in no small part to the genius of arranger Ralph Burns who has been with all the Herds and is now turning his considerable talents to Broadway Musicals.

By all means dig the Red Hill Inn scene if you are in the Philly area and like jazz surrounded by an attentive atmosphere with drinks available. Three dollars minimum is a bargain here, cats. If you are not in the area, dig Mutual Network Saturdays at 8 p.m. for live radio pick-up from the Red Hill Bandstand of each current attraction. ▲

*a bit of fiction about a music man*

*who found something he couldn't play*

## ... Like Old Soldiers

by JANICE MURRAY



I SAW the leg first. It was slender and well-molded like the rest of her, at least the part I could see from my position three steps down from the top of the stairs. I had just come up from the basement fitting-room. She was bent over before the mirror, massaging her nylon around to straighten her seam. She must have noticed me in the mirror which caught an oblique view of the stairway, because she looked up suddenly. Her skirt fell down over the neat curve at the back of her knees when she straightened to her full height. A faint flush of embarrassment was on her face.

She turned, rounded the corner, and went over to the counter. The clerk behind the counter was laying a sport-coat in the box. From where I stood it looked soft. Cashmere probably, I figured.

"Shall I charge this?" the clerk asked the girl.

"No," she replied, "I'll pay for it." She opened her handbag and took out a wallet. "I don't think it would be fair for him to get a bill for his own birthday present."

The clerk grinned, taking the bill she proffered him.

"I hope he likes it," she went on. "He's not exactly the sport-coat type, you know."

"This one's quite conservative," the clerk pointed out; "However if he doesn't like it, he can return it."

"Thank you," she smiled, putting her change in her wallet, and picking up the box.

The clerk smiled back, that special smile reserved for special customers. I know, because he smiles at me that way, too. I'm a special customer now, I guess, but it wasn't always that way. There was a time I couldn't even afford subway fare into Manhattan to go to a specialty

shop. Oh well, what's the use of going into it? It's over now, I hope, if the boys keep coming my way . . .

"Your suit will be ready late this afternoon, Mr. Bryan," the clerk told me, turning around and seeing me at the end of the counter.

"Good," I remarked, starting toward the door. The girl was a few steps ahead of me. She wore a suit with a fur over one shoulder and drooping onto her other arm. As a rule, suits on females don't do much to me, but this one was different. It was cut so that you wanted to take it off to see whether it was the suit or the girl underneath who was made so well.

She opened the door. It swung back with a rubbery squeak. Outside the rain was coming down in that steady drizzle that means it isn't going to last long. She stood in the entryway outside the door. The rain was doing double takes on the sidewalk, splattering against those well-shaped ankles. She moved back near the door. When I opened it, she edged forward again. I stepped out to allow her the drier position again.

"It's really coming down, isn't it?" I remarked, the way people do when they find themselves impersonally in the intimacy of snug quarters.

"Certainly is," she said. "I should have brought an umbrella. Of course, if I had, it wouldn't have rained."

"Naturally," I agreed, knowing the irony of such things. I looked straight ahead, listening to the splatter of the rain, and trying not to think of her standing there in the closeness of our cubicle which was the entry to a store.

"I know you from somewhere," she said wonderingly.

"You do?" I kept looking ahead. I figured it was better that way.

"I remember," she said at last. "Your profile on the album. The piano. You're Steve Bryan . . ." she hesitated, then added tentatively, "aren't you?"

"Yeah, that's right." I finally turned my eyes slightly and gave her a sidelong glance. Her eyes were glowing with recognition, and something else I didn't quite understand. Maybe I didn't dare to understand.

I would never have figured her to dig jazz, but then



she was full of surprises. Like speaking to me, for instance. I kept thinking of that guy somewhere who wasn't the sport-coat type. A snub would have been more her style.

"You're at Morey's now," she was saying, "down in the Village."

"Yeah."

"I've been meaning to get down there and hear you," she said. "You've got a good group."

More surprises. It was a good group, a damn good group, and the men made it that way, but how did she know that? Nobody but people in the business knew sidemen unless they were top names. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the name flash on and off. Mike's. I don't know why I did it, just one of those extra shots of nerve, I guess. I asked, "Care for a drink?"

"Yes," she smiled, "I'd like that."

I took her box from her and shoved it under my arm, then gripping her under the elbow, I guided her down the street and into the place called Mike's. It was a dive, not exactly the kind of place she looked like she was used to, but it was nearby, and that rain was making it had no intention of letting up for a while.

We went down a flight of stairs and into a dimly-lighted bar. There were booths along the sides with red checkered tablecloths on the tables. The tables didn't look too clean. Neither did the rest of the place, but it was deserted, and somehow that appealed to me. I glanced at her to catch any evidence of distaste. She was smiling, accepting it.

We slid into one of the booths. There wasn't much room under the table for both our sets of legs. We shuffled around a little, trying to avoid one another, then settled, her knee resting comfortably between mine.

The bartender laid down the racing form he was studying and came over to the table. I raised my brows, looking at her.

"An old-fashioned," she said.

"—And a scotch and water," I told the waiter. He lumbered back behind the bar.

Neither one of us said anything for a moment. She pulled off her gloves and laid them on her handbag. The rings on her left hand gleamed brightly, flashing out in big, iridescent letters, "Can you match this, bud?" There was something about big wedding rings I didn't like, like the price-tag on a Steinway. If I ever got married, and at that point, it didn't look like I was going to, I would give my wife a slim gold band, just to prove I didn't buy her.

I took out my cigarettes and tilted the pack toward her, shaking one out. She took it and put it between her lips. They were nice lips, but when I held the match to her cigarette, I could see the lipstick drawn over the edge to make them look fuller. It didn't matter, those tricks. The effect was there, and that was all that counted.

"Your tenor man—" she began, then stopped. The bartender set our drinks on the table. We raised them, a silent toast. How did you toast a girl you didn't even know? Then we sipped. I caught her grimace. I suppose I grimaced, too. The drink was bitter, bad, but first drinks always taste bad. So we sipped again.

"What about my tenor man?" I asked, putting down my glass.

"I didn't think Al would be able to make the transition. You know, get the modern sound," she said.

"Al blows real fine," I said, taking another sip. The scotch cut the fur, a rough blade going down, tearing away the debris of last night's drinks and too many cigarettes after breakfast. "You know him?"

She nodded. "I sorta worked with him."

"What do you mean, sorta?"

"Remember when he was with Billy Emmett?" she asked.

"Yeah," I answered, "Vaguely."

"Well," she said slowly. "I sang."

I looked at her closely, trying to recall her, but it was no good. I'd never seen her before, not until I caught the adjusting of the stocking seam in front of the mirror.

"Don't try to remember," she said. "That was a long time ago. Before your time."

"It couldn't have been too long ago," I put in chivalrously, but even in the glow of the muffled candle, I could detect the tracings around the eyes.

"You're kind," she said, lifting her glass and smiling over the rim. "I wasn't in the business very long, if that helps your age calculations any." She sipped her drink, then looked at me. "I hated it, and I loved it. Does that make sense?"

"Sure," I answered. "We all feel that way . . . more or less."

"It was the road that really got me, I guess," she went on. "The fleabags, jogging around on that bus, beat because I hadn't slept the night before . . . a lumpy mattress or a running john, always something, and of course, the passes. Shall I go on?"

"I get the picture," I said, drawing on my cigarette.

My knee pressed against hers. I didn't mean to, but then again, maybe I did. Her legs shifted to one side.

"Suppose I move over there." I suggested, rising and circling the table to slide in beside her. "There. This is more like it; more room for the leg department."

She edged away, jabbing out her cigarette in the tray, already dusted with yesterday's ashes.

"So you kept the weather eye out for a rich cat," I ventured. "Is that the ending of the story?"

"That's about it," she conceded.

"Well, it's a happy ending, anyway," I pointed out, "Even if he's not the sports-coat type."

"You heard?" she smiled, turning to look at me. "He wears other things very well."

"Like Homburg hats and Ivy League suits and black-knit ties?"

"At least he has dignity," she laughed.

"Smugness?" I taunted.

"I said dignity," she corrected, the smile fading.

"And money," I added. I was a little out of order, and I knew it.

"Is that bad?"

"No," I answered, motioning to the bartender. "Not if you know what to do with it."

We had another drink, and while we drank, we talked, mostly about music, sounds, things like that. She was pretty hip, but she was also honest. I liked that in her. She knew what she knew, but what she didn't know, she admitted. As far as jazz went, her liking was for real. She didn't think it was fashionable. She was an honest-to-goodness appreciator.

We had another round of drinks, then another. I don't remember what we talked about, because I don't ever remember what's been said after four drinks. That's why I drink. One of the reasons anyway.

I do recall saying, "Sing to me." Why I don't know, but I got those ideas with scotch.

"When?" she asked.

"Now." I slid out of the booth and took her by the hand to help her out. She was steady on her feet. She was a good drinker, that was one thing about her . . . among others, but maybe she'd had lunch.

I went over to the upright and spun the stool around to make it low enough for me to be level with the keys. Drawing it under me, I asked, "What'll it be?"

"I Concentrate on You," she said, without hesita-

tion. A favorite, I guess. She'd been away from the business long enough to have favorites, to like tunes for other reasons than that they were good tunes. Anyway, I went into it. She gave me the sign, and I dropped to a lower key.

She sang well. She was out of practice; there was a little vibrato, but I could hear a quality. A good instrument with the valves rusted. Or maybe it was because it was her, the way she sang, the look in her eyes that I had seen before. Words aren't designed to describe what I saw. Maybe the French have a word for it, but I don't know French, so they're no help. The nearest I can get to it is longing, but that doesn't begin to do justice to whatever it was I saw.

When she finished singing, I wound up with a little dissonant satire on the last couple bars of the chorus. She went back to the booth. I followed her, glancing at the bartender, still absorbed in his racing form.

I sat down close to her, very close. Our legs were touching, arch to thigh. I leaned toward her. Her lips were too firm at first, then they grew supple, working under mine. Her fists dug into my shoulders, an odd little show of yielding and resisting. Then it was all yielding . . .

When we got out to the street, the rain had subsided to a drizzle. I hailed a cab. She moved over to the far side of the seat, one last testimony to the fact that she should not do what she was about to do.

We said nothing to one another. The box with the sport-coat was between us, and I let it stay there. When we drew up in front of the brownstone, we got out. She stood tensely on the sidewalk while I paid off the caddy, then together we went up the steps, through the door, and down the corridor at the end of which was my apartment.

I locked the door behind us. She looked around, her eyes sweeping appraisingly from shabby chair to beat-up studio couch to the hi-fi and the records beside it. She walked across the room, stooping to examine the records.

"What do you want to hear?" I asked, moving to her side and turning on the hi-fi.

"This," she said, pulling one of my mood things. I put the record on, and could feel her liking it.

"Drink?" I asked.

"All right," she agreed. I went into my pullman kitchen and yanked an ice-tray out of the squatty refrigerator. I had about a half a bottle of Haig and Haig. Fixing the drinks, I went back and handed her one. She was sitting on the studio couch, listening. She nodded a thank-you.

I sat down beside her, and we drank, both of us listening. Then we were close, our half-finished drinks on the table. The buttons on her suitcoat slid out of their holes easily. The hook at the back was more of a problem, but I fumbled around and finally felt her soft against me. She eased out of her jacket, and when she leaned back, I could see the firmness of her, the smoothness of her. I laid my head there and smelled the fragrance of her. The rest she did herself. I watched her peel off the stocking she had been straightening only a few hours ago. Then she stood there trembling, eager, and whatever it was I can't describe . . .

Later, she sat up quickly, almost startled.

"I must go," she said.

"Stay," I whispered.

"No," she murmured, but her lips were on mine again, briefly, warmly.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Jan," she answered. "That's all. Just Jan."

She was worried, I could tell, worried but happy in that strange, elusive way that happens too seldom. I was happy, too. I didn't want her to go, which is an unusual way for me to feel . . . afterwards.

She picked up her clothes and went into the bathroom. I lit a cigarette and picked up my drink. The ice had melted; it was lukewarm.

When she came out, fully dressed, I stood up, not knowing what to say. So I kissed her gently, lightly, not smearing the lipstick newly-applied. Then she was gone.

Three weeks went by, three bad weeks. She had made a difference, I had to admit, much as I fought it. I didn't like fetters, even in the form of memories. But memories fade away, just like old soldiers, hangovers, and everything else. I practiced a lot, rehearsed the hell out of the group. I don't know whether it paid off at Morey's, but it did me some good, and I was in the mood to be selfish. I also drank, which seems to be the usual routine in cases like this.

I thought I'd beaten it, the memory of the whole bit, until the night when she came into the joint. They sat at a table near the piano, a whole party of them. I don't pay much attention to parties, sitting at tables. They're usually there for a different kind of kick, something to break the deadly monotony of being squares. I don't play for bored people. So I play, that's all, for myself, for the other guys, if they happen to be with it, or maybe one of those one in a hundred, sitting at the bar, nursing a beer that goes for ninety cents a rattle, but liking jazz, really liking it.

Then I couldn't help noticing her. Out of the corner of my eye I caught her watching me intently. The other people at the table with her were talking. It figured. She strained forward in her chair to listen above the din of their voices.

I wondered which of the three cats was her husband. Any one of them would have fit the bill. I wasn't far off base in my mental description of him. It was all there right down to the black knit tie. The man next to her wasn't talking. He was listening, if you want to call it that. He had that look, that mask of absorption, of enjoyment that can always be spotted. Hate jazz, if you want to; be bored with it, but never sit there pretending you like it.

After the set, I hopped off the stand.

"Steve?" she called.

I went over to the table, looking at the faces of her friends, trying not to look at her. She introduced me around, and I mumbled something.

"How about a drink, Mr. Bryan?" said the man sitting next to her in that cordial way of people who know better than to condescend.

"No," I said, "thank-you, but no." I wanted a drink naturally, but that pride problem was making appearances.

"Please," she urged.

I sat down. We talked, Jan, her husband, her square friends, and I. I don't know what about. The same things all people say to one another when they have less than nothing in common. Jan and I avoided looking at one another, which was hard to do, because that left me the choice of looking at two other females or three males, all equally dull. Jan got up and went to the ladies' room. That made it worse. I felt stranded, bored.

I started the next set five minutes early which drew a frown of protest from the drummer, who gulped down the rest of his drink in one swallow and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Selfish again, I suppose, but he wasn't sitting where I was sitting with whom I was sitting.

During the next set, they left, all six of them. I was relieved. The rest of the night I drove the guys like crazy, then wound up with a load. I staggered home, bumping into the cleaning woman in the corridor about

(Continued on Page 35)



# Those Record Album Covers!

**I**T had to happen. The record companies finally discovered the Madison Avenue commodity known as the Glamour and Cheesecake Department, and have arrived with a brilliant and eye-arresting array of appropriate covers for their albums.

With musical tongue in cheek, **AFTER HOURS** comes up with a few new ideas for future albums. In presenting these suggestions, our editors naturally hope to contribute their small share to a trend that shows promise of emerging as a new legitimate art form.

Pleasant listening! ▲

AN  
ALBUM  
OF  
**CLASSICAL  
MUSIC**



**MUSIC**

... for  
making  
pizza  
pie



IN  
A  
TORCH  
CARRYING  
MOOD



Piano  
Music



after hours

Jazz

PORTFOLIO

# CALYPSO



Although born in New York City Harry Belafonte moved to Jamaica while a young boy, and has since become the foremost exponent of Calypso.

*Will Belafonte's success  
spoil rock 'n roll howling?*



The Tarriers—one of the most outstanding Calypso groups in the country—first attracted national attention with their recordings of "Cindy, Oh! Cindy," and "The Banana Song."

"GO, GO, GO—CALYPSO—" is the chant now heard throughout the music boxes of our land. Calypso influenced music is definitely moving into the popular field with good acceptance and in increasing amounts. Legitimate calypso music has been with us for many years, but known only to the esoteric travelers of the Caribbean. In the last two years the amount of U. S. travelers who have visited the Bahamas, The Virgin Islands, Bermuda, and the West Indies has increased by leaps and bounds known only to the United States Travel Bureau. Returning with every musically curious citizen came reports of a stimulating folk music, Latinish in tempo with tinges of English folk music and sung in English with words mostly improvised to tell stories about the native life. Sounds

are made using all manners of instrumental accompaniment, such as guitars, accordions, oil drums, bongos, hollow reeds, maracas, etc. But mostly it is the appealing use of the old human pipes, and the melodies which range from plaintive, to raucous, to intensely rhythmic.

Calypso in American popular music began with the emergence of Harry Belafonte as a major contemporary folk artist. We can remember, back in 1948, (when the Great Mr. B. was a guy called Eckstine)—a young and very handsome Negro lad was trying to become a ballad singer in the be-bop style that was so popular then. Harry Belafonte was getting good reviews at the now defunct Royal Roost jazz club. Great names were being spawned in the jazz world every night then . . . Dizzy, Bird, Fats,

*(Continued on Page 26)*



As part of our Jazz Portfolio  
we present

**MADLINE CASTLE**

After Hours Girl of the Month  
... and that's no jazz!

CALYPSO *(Continued from Page 23)*

Sarah, and Miles to name some, but Harry was not one. Belafonte vintage fans might recall a ballad called "Close Your Eyes" that Harry recorded about this time. Even then he had a very good voice, pleasant but not astounding. However, success was not in the cards for that year and when next we meet young Mr. Belafonte he has taken advice from his Greenwich Village friends and is singing legitimate folk music of the American variety. This would be somewhere in the year of 1953-54. Our now popular club star was well liked in the swank-set but showed no signs of storming the national scene, even with a leading role in the motion picture, *Carmen Jones*.

Then it happened. Having experienced the calypso scene on the tropical islands that dot the Caribbean, Harry found inspiration and gobs of melodic material. In fact he absorbed it to the point of being able to compose in the idiom.

Part three of the Belafonte tale began with a wonderfully staged set of appearances on the Colgate Comedy Television Show. Although Harry could not save the show, he stole it momentarily, and in that moment introduced America to calypso folk music in large numbers. Then in 1956 the release of the year's best selling album (*CALYPSO* by Harry Belafonte—RCA) caused the boys in the music business to sit up and listen. And we were off! *Tin Pan Alley* loves nothing better than a music trend to push, pull, shove, plug, and otherwise force the public into purchasing large amounts of phonograph records. And just in time too. The Rock 'n Roll boys were hurting to normalize sales-wise and music generally was starting from the ear-cramp forced on the public by the frequent banalities involved in the Rock 'n Roll classics. In fact it looked for one fear-startling moment like the Roll trend was going to capture the country. There are still possibilities of this, but it appears that calypso now stands as



The colorful Iron Duke is considered one of the top performers in the Calypso school, having practiced his art before American audiences for the past ten years.



An unusual trio is Lord Lance and his Calypsons. "The Lord" always performs with the British taphat and monacle trademarks.



American tourists watch The Talbot Brothers in a Bermuda night club. The bass fiddler's instrument is nothing more than a reconverted packing case.



The fabulous McCleverty's hail from the Island of St. Thomas, and have demonstrated their own original brand of Calypso art all over the world.

a major threat to Rock 'n Roll. Suffice to say the numerous hit records now available in the calypso field began to boom just before Christmas and the prediction now is for a pretty long stay. Mr. Belafonte has now become the hottest and most expensive property around these days, Elvis and Sinatra excepted.

If you are a lover of good musical sounds, you welcomed calypso music and its more literate use of the human esthetic musical values. Reaction has been surprisingly swift and favorable to this new old music's fusion with American pop tunes. Here we must pause to clarify. There are at this moment three distinct types of Calypso:

1. The native legitimate recordings and island groups, i.e., The Talbot Brothers, Lord Invader, Trinidad Steel Band, The McCleverty Group, Lord Burgess, and Blind Blake.
2. The hybrid brand which is honest and artistic in conception, as performed by Harry Belafonte and genre.
3. The popular fusion of calypso elements into rock 'n roll and other pop patterns in music. That is, the song may or may not be the real thing but the interpretation is fabricated with other musical elements found in the popular field.

All three types appear to be flourishing at the moment, with Harry Belafonte leading the field. Our guess is that Mr. Belafonte will remain the leader of this trend, but there will also be a few genuine islanders attaining prominence and stardom in the Calypso Real of today. ▲



# ERNIE KOVACS

by GEORGE GLAZER

*Our Man-of-the-Month rates high in the  
entertainment department for his fresh  
and inventive TV approach*



“STEVEN,” the coach used to say, “when in doubt, punt!”

“My name wasn’t Steven, (even though the coach thought it was) and I don’t know what he meant but somehow, its always inspired me and guided me through life.”

So says 33 year old (or 34, or 35—all these ages are included in the biography from NBC) Ernie Kovacs, a frequent baby sitter while his wife, Edie Adams, stars in the Broadway show “Lil’ Abner,” and one of the funniest guys to shove his mobile mug into a television camera since Ben Franklin started the whole thing by flying a kite.

The tip-off to Kovacs the entertainer is Kovacs, the private citizen.

In his 16-room duplex apartment on Manhattan’s West Side, the family home contains, in addition to the Kovacs family, a Japanese butler by the name of Ed, a Polish cook, Mrs. Sumati, who’s Ed’s wife, and Elvere, the Haitian governess who cares for Ernie and Edie’s two little girls, and who only speaks “French and maybe a little broken English.”

Trenton, N. J. (What Trenton Makes the World Takes, says the

“This was my campaign photo while running for president of EEFMS (the Early Eyeball Fraternal Marching Society).”



"After my ABC morning show was on a week, they called me in and asked if I cared to bet another week of my life and go on with the show."



"I said I'd be happy to—that there was no strain, no pain, no sweat involved."



"The day they put that point remover in the martini glass—Wow! Things like that can really shoke you."



"Actually, it wasn't the money I liked about that drugstore job—it's the only place I've ever been able to get free cigars."



Ernie as "Pierre Ragout, the French storyteller,"

one of the hilarious characters created for his night-time TV show.

bridge across the Delaware River at Trenton) also made Ernie. That is, he was born there, and started his career officially in a Trenton radio station.

But between there and New York, was a stopover at the NBC affiliate in Philadelphia.

Recognizing his obvious talents, station officials had Ernie make his start in TV on a cooking show that ran from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m.

Usually, the show consisted of a visiting cook, who was interviewed, and then made his or her favorite dish before the cameras.

One day, the cook didn't show—and that was the day Ernie Kovacs became an accepted TV comedian.

"It was bad enough having an early morning show anyway," he recalls, "but to have to do a cooking show without a cook was worse yet."

"I remember thinking that maybe I could pull it off by myself, since all the cooks who would possibly be up at 7 a.m. would be cooking for a living, and couldn't get off from work to do the show. So I did the next best thing—I sent some of the crew out to get

some vegetables and things, grabbed an old cook book that was in somebody's office and tried to pick out the easiest thing.

"It was horrible—we didn't have all the ingredients, I couldn't cook in the first place, I had no idea what the utensils we had were for, and I kept getting the notes for the recipe I had made mixed up with the notes for the commercials.

"You never saw such a mess in your life. I finally gave up on the thing, and started making jokes, faces, imitations and anything else I could think of, and by the time 9 a.m. rolled around, I was a nervous wreck."

Nervous or not, Kovacs' program underwent a change, and he emerged as a full-time funnyman for early rising Philadelphians.

The network heard about it, and pretty soon Ernie and Edie were on their way to New York. In 1951, he did the first Ernie Kovacs show for NBC, and between then and now has also had shows on ABC and CBS, and for a time worked all three at once.

At ABC, he was in the early morning (6 a.m. - 9 a.m.) slot again and, instead of sleeping like normal people, he kept on the go with his other shows. To keep himself awake and looking human, he sometimes shaved four times a day and in one stretch had five steam baths in addition to several showers every day for a week straight.

"Pretty soon, I got a welt on my leg, and went to a doctor. He examined me and said 'You know, you may think I'm nuts, but do you take many baths? I think you're water-soaked.'"

Besides the fact that he couldn't take enough baths to keep himself awake for the rest of the day after an early morning show, Ernie likes night-time programs best.

"You have to temper yourself in the morning. You can't be too funny with an audience that for the most part hates to get up, and isn't fit to talk to until about two hours after you go off the air. At night, you can let yourself go." (said in the true *After Hours* tradition.)

While most of his now-famous characters were born on his early morning show, they didn't reach maturity until he began reaching people that were really awake.

Miklos Molnar; Pierre Ragout, the French storyteller; Skodny Silksky, ace Hollywood reporter; boozehound Matzo Hepplewhite and Percy the poet are results of people he's known or seen, as is usually the case with comedians who "invent" characters.

But these brainchildren of Ernie's have a way of getting back at him for the ridicule he subjects them too, although they are aided and abetted by the technical crews on his shows.

"Percy the poet is the guy that really hurts me. Percy usually sips a martini during his bit. So one time the martini glass had a goldfish swimming in it, and another time somebody slipped tequila into the glass, instead of the water.

"I didn't know, and swallowed it at one gulp and thought somebody put paint remover into the glass by mistake. I figured it would be the first time TV would have on-the-spot coverage of death by poisoning.

"Old Matzo Hepplewhite got me once too. For that skit, I have to have a tray and a phony bottle of whisky. This one time, I was supposed to drink out of the bottle and drain it at one shot.

"Three quarters of it was gone before I realized this was the real McCoy. The hot lights and the fact that I hadn't had anything to eat made me one sick boy before that show was off the air."

While most people figure Kovacs to be a talented guy, few know how much ability he really has.

For a year after he came to NBC, he wrote the entire



A frequent visitor of Ernie's TV Show, Edie finds that her husband is just as zany as any dogpatch character.

program himself. He still produces his own show, and on that special Saturday night show he did in January of this year, he both wrote and produced the entire thing himself.

"I really stuck my neck out on that one. It was the first television show to be done entirely in pantomime—except for a little opening bit. I didn't say a line during the entire show." As it turned out, it was probably one of the most spectacular one-shots in the history of TV, from the point of ratings (he licked his competition on CBS, Jerry Lewis, unmercifully) and audience acclaim.

"If I hadn't, I would have been finished. There were no writers to blame, no producers to take the rap for me—there was just me."

This pantomime show started out with one of the funniest of the Kovacs bits.

He announced that before the pantomime began, he would like to give the answer to that old question, "If nobody's near a tree when it falls, is there any noise?"

The camera turned to an obviously stuffed squirrel perched on a log. A hand reached out, and stuffed cotton into its ears and then turned it away from the camera.

Next came a shot of a tree falling into the forest.

No sound.

Back goes the camera to the squirrel, the hand reaches in, turns it to face the camera, removes the cotton and a tremendous crash follows immediately.

"One time, we spent a couple of hours working on a bit that took exactly four seconds to perform. The scene is a psychiatrist's office. The door opens, a patient walks in and the doctor escorts him over to the couch. The



The camera catches the lovely Mrs. Kovacs backstage as she watches Ernie in one of his frantic routines.



patient lies down, and the couch goes flying into the wall, patient and all."

The well-known exit used by Jimmy Durante on his TV show provided more fodder for Kovacs.

"We came on camera with three light spots that resembled the three spotlights Jimmy uses when he goes off—you know, he puts on his hat and coat and starts to walk away from the camera. At each spotlight, he turns around and waves and it's a real socko ending.

"We decided to do it in reverse, so at the far end of the stage, this figure appears in one of the spots that looks just like Durante. The audience starts to applaud a little, and the applause gets louder as he moves into the second spotlight.

"The applause is at its height just before he reaches the third spot, closest to the camera. He walks into this—and disappears—goes straight down. We had taken some white paper and stretched it over a trap door in the floor. It broke the whole audience up."

He seems really to have enjoyed writing his own shows, almost as much as actually performing them. At one time, he was offered the job of head writer on another show, but it came up at a time when he was to be given another show of his own.

"As it turned out, I would have made more as a writer than I did on my own show. The only time writing my own show nearly got me into trouble was when the TV writers were supposed to go on strike. I wasn't mad at anybody—and if I was, it had to be at myself, since I was the performer and the producer too. It's a good thing there was no strike; I don't know what I would have done."

Ernie was asked how he manages to get around the "fluffs" that inevitably occur on a show such as the ones he does. "We never try. We just incorporate them into the show. Once and awhile there are some real dillies, and then you want to go hide somewhere."

He told of a few, none of which could be printed.

Kovacs, a good looking and well built (6' 2", 200 lbs.) man, has had a partner in crime since his Philadelphia days.

Pretty, blonde Edith Adams for a long time appeared with Kovacs on his shows until last Fall, when along came the musical comedy "Li'l Abner." Edie pretty well fills the bill physically as Daisy Mae, and she's got a fine voice and sense of comedy to go with it—so what could be more natural than casting her for the role of Dogpatch's prettiest girl for the Broadway version of Al Capp's famous comic strip?

The show, of course, was an immediate hit, and Edie transferred her activities to Dogpatch for the run of the show.

But while Ernie had his evening show, splitting the chores with Steve Allen before "Tonight" changed its format, Edie usually wandered in about midnight and watched from the wings, frequently getting into the act unexpectedly.

Incidentally, Ernie himself had a fling at the theater too.

A high school performance of the "Pirates of Penzance" netted him scholarship offers to seven dramatic schools.

He spent a season singing with stock companies, formed his own unit later (where he wrote, directed, designed scenery and played leads) then got to Broadway for the annual John Golden auditions.



He made out pretty well, and was offered some good spots.

But then he pulled what can be considered a typical Kovacs stunt—he went to work in a drugstore since he had to support his mother and himself.

That didn't last too long, and it was back to stock work. Pneumonia, complicated by pleurisy, was Ernie's next attraction, and this ran for a dismal year and a half.

A final shot at directing, and Kovacs started the radio career in Trenton that was to eventually land him in New York.

An excellent radio journalist, Kovacs received the H. P. Davis award in 1948 for his newswork.

In between times, he was a gag writer for night club comedians, did some song writing, and voice work for a movie cartoon outfit.

Even at this tender stage of his development, Kovacs was doing some weird stunts for the listeners—like broadcasting from dirigibles, boats, trains, planes and construction cranes.

He got a clear newsbeat on interviews with witnesses to the killing of 11 people in Camden, N. J., when a gunman ran amok.

"I very casually worked the people around to standing under a certain tree—a tree where a microphone was hidden in one of the branches. Worked pretty good."

Ask Ernie if he thinks any of these stunts, or subsequent ones are a little "abnormal" and his reply is that to him, they're quite normal—and they must be to a lot of others too, otherwise why would he still be on the air?

An extremely likeable guy, Kovacs has won the friendship of some of the most critical people in the TV industry—his technical crews.

It was over five years since he had been at CBS the night he put on his pantomime show—but among the pre-show messages he got was one signed by the crew he had worked with at CBS, while another was from his gang at NBC.

In the hardboiled television industry, that's a pretty good vote of confidence for a performer. ▲

Cigar in hand, actor-writer-producer Ernie Kovacs ponders his next assault on the TV scene.





"... that woman will do anything to attract attention!"



(Continued from Page 23)

to start her morning chores.

I slept until noon. My head was a balloon full of iron ping-pong balls when I got up. There were things to do. I swallowed two aspirins, gagged, waited, then when they didn't do the trick, I took a shot.

I had to take my tux to the cleaners, three hour service. Turning the pockets inside out, I hoped I'd stashed away a dirty twenty or so. I hadn't. I'd spent it. The note fluttered to the floor. Picking it up, I read it, written in lipstick on part of a paper towel: "Mike's at one tomorrow." It put me into motion, like a speed I can never generate for other things. I showered, shaved, dressed, dropped my tux at the cleaner's, and was heading down those stairs into Mike's at five to one.

She wasn't there. At five after one I began to get impatient and swore to myself. She showed up at quarter after, looking the same, not beautiful maybe, but she could fool you into thinking so. She wore a stupid hat, one of those things with feathers sprouting out in all directions.

"Take that thing off," I greeted her.

"Don't you like it?" she smiled.

"It's terrible," I grumbled, getting out of the booth to let her in first. She slid in and took off her hat, looking like herself again. We talked, and everything was the same, just like the first time.

We only had two drinks at Mike's that day.

Later, nestled against me, we listened to one of those mood things again. I was glad I recorded, for once not because of the loot. It was better to play your own stuff as accompaniment.

"I'm glad you came to Mike's," she said into my ear, her lips closing over the lobe.

"Just be glad I found the note," I said, feeling the smoothness of her which was just as smooth, even though it was over. This is the way it should be, I thought to myself. Maybe that's why guys get married. The wonder of it goes on and on, even after it's over. This would be only the beginning. The wonder of her on and on, I thought, not now and then, once every three weeks, but on and on. I ran my hand over her, thinking about it, delighting in it.

She lifted her hand, and her rings caught a sliver of sunlight slipping through the blinds. I couldn't say what I was thinking. There was a code about such things, unsaid, unwritten, but there just the same.

After that time, we didn't bother to meet at Mike's. Once in a while she came to Morey's, always alone. At first she looked self-conscious, sitting there alone, but that soon passed. She listened, and I played, played for her.

One day she waited for me after the Saturday matinee. When she got into the cab, she whispered, "Mike's." I told the cabbie. She reached for my hand, and held it tight between both of hers. I sensed the change in her.

When we got to Mike's, I asked in the privacy of our dreary, beat-up booth, "What's up?"

"He's laid it on the line, Steve," she said, a little tremor playing around in her voice.

"Who?" I asked. "Sport-coat?"

She nodded, her full lips drawn into a thin, grim line.

"What's the story?"

She swallowed. "He knows."

"How'd he find out?" I asked, a vapor akin to fear, or guilt, or both, rising within me. I hadn't considered this; it was easier not to.

"How do people ever find out about things like this?" she retorted. "They just know, that's all. First they suspect, then something . . . or someone gives it all away."

"Yeah," I said for lack of something more appropriate to say.

"Either we stop, he said," she went on, "or else . . ."

"Or else what?"

"Divorce, I guess. Who knows?" she said disconsolately.

"Well," I began "what do you want me to say? If you're free, I'll marry you, if that's what you want to know." I said it without realizing I was saying it. Of course, I'd never had the opportunity, not really, but I never thought I'd say it anyway.

"I wish you hadn't told me that," she said ruefully.

"Why not?"

"Because it makes it harder," she said, looking at me sideways, her chin jutting out a little like when she was peevish, playfully peevish. She wasn't peevish now; she was dead serious.

"I give up," I said, sipping my drink and putting down my glass with finality.

"If I knew you wouldn't marry me under any circumstances," she explained, "I'd know what to do."

"Logic. Female logic," I commented dolefully.

"Don't you see," she continued, "this way I have to make a choice."

"You're old enough to know what you want," I stated drily. I was saying all the wrong things. I knew it, but scenes like this bug me. I hate them, but women, even Jan, they half enjoy them, the sadness of it all, the drama.

"No," she said, "no, I don't know what I want."

"That's tough," I commented, meaning it. Odd, how you can feel so many things for one person at one time. I guess the boor showed, the man. "Are you happy with him?"

"He's been good to me," she replied.

"That's not what I asked," I said, still a little roughly.

"Not the way I am with you," she answered directly.

"Then what's your problem?" I asked, feeling like a heel. As a rule, I don't meddle in these husband-wife deals, but this was different. Selfish again, I suppose. Old sport-coat had his chance and didn't make it.

"You make it sound simple," she said, looking down.

"It is."

"Haven't you ever considered what it would be like to be married to me?" she asked, turning to look at me.

"Sure," I answered truthfully, "I've considered it."

"Doesn't it scare you?"

"No," I answered, again truthfully. "Why should it?"

"How about the future?" she asked. "Sure, you're on top now, but what guarantee do we have that this will last?"

"Does it matter?"

"Certainly it matters," she said almost sharply. "There's the possibility of the road."

"You could go with me," I pointed out.

"Oh no, not me. The buses, the fleabags, all over again," she said, "or the other alternative, months on end without you. What kind of a life is that?"

"What you make of it, I guess," I replied, feeling the ugly taste of falseness, of disillusion bitter in my mouth.

"You forget, Steve, I've been through it," she was saying. "I ran away from it once."

I squeezed out of the booth. "Come on," I said.

"No," she hesitated, "not today. He may be having us watched."

"That's great," I commented, pulling her to her feet.

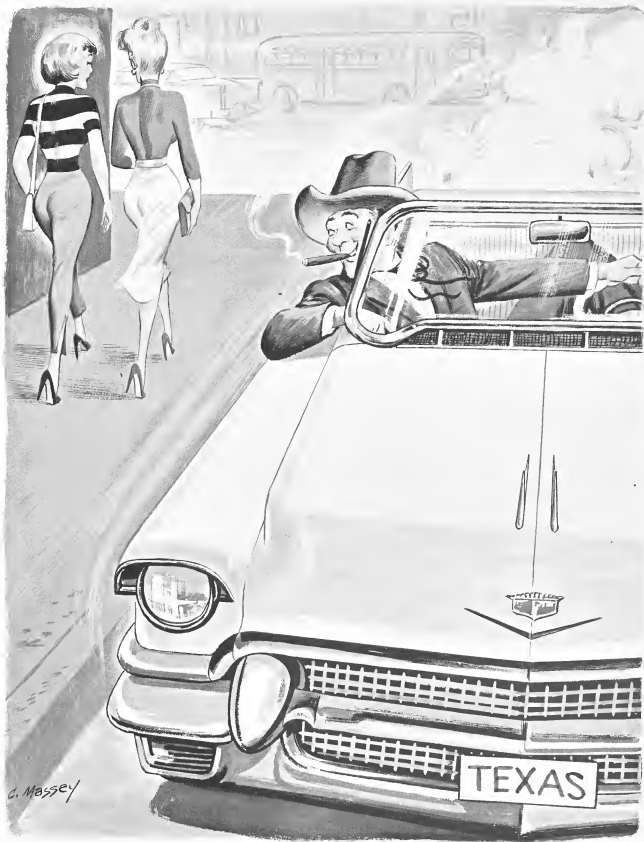
"Can't we finish our drinks?" she asked.

"No," I said, ushering her up the steps to the door.

Outside, I tipped my hat, "So long, Jan. It's been a ball."

She looked up, startled. "You mean—?"

"Be seeing you around . . . maybe," I said, turning down the street. I didn't look back. What was the use? Memories, even sour ones, fade away, like old soldiers, hangovers and everything else. Maybe. ▲



"Don't look now Sue, but the eyes of Texas are upon you!"



## **D***utch* **T***reat*

Dotty Miller is her name—and she hails from a town called Reading, in the heart of the picturesque Pennsylvania Dutch country. Dotty is an accomplished dancer who has graced the chorus line of the famous Holiday Dancers, an entertainment unit that has appeared throughout the east coast. Sparkling green eyes, with harmonizing brown hair and an inviting smile serve to qualify Miss Miller as a very engaging Dutch treat for our readers.



## **D**utch *T*reat





# *Paris in Baltimore*



*versatile Kim Paris makes the transition  
from waitress to dancer (exotic type) . . .*

THE fascinating art of undressing in public, aptly dubbed "the liveliest art" by nitery comic Joe E. Lewis, is currently enjoying peak popularity. Not that the strip-tease, whether performed at burlesque houses, night clubs, musical bars, smokers or in milady's boudoir, has ever lacked an attentive audience. Fortunately, men have always shown a healthy interest in this time-honored art form.

However, the unclad dance style today attracts increasing numbers of enthusiastic performers. Thousands of shapely lasses are busily criss-crossing the nation, shedding garments as they go. Nowhere is this pleasant vogue more in evidence than in Baltimore's famed "Sin Strip." This provocative and slightly exaggerated title is proudly borne by some 26 night clubs flashily arrayed along the 400 to 700 blocks of East Baltimore St. Here more than 200 energetic strippers may be seen in action three times nightly, any night of the week.

And as fast as these lovely ladies depart to display their talents in other cities, more are waiting to undulate on the runways they vacate. Last year saw an estimated 2,000 girls come to Baltimore in hopes of carving careers for themselves as strippers. Typical of these young hopefuls is attractive, 22-year-old Kim Paris, pictured on these pages.

Like many tyros in this field, Kim quit slinging hash as a waitress to take up tossing her torso as a dancer. And for similar reasons.

"More excitement, shorter hours and more money," she said frankly. "Besides, what girl doesn't like being the center of attraction?"

Born Dolores Smith, in Indianapolis, Ind., Kim came to Baltimore when she was 17.

"I wanted to live in New York," she related. "Indianapolis is a nice place but, like a lot of high school girls, I was filled with dreams about New York. My mother wouldn't hear of it. She had a sister living in Baltimore, so we compromised. I agreed to live with my aunt."

Once in Baltimore, Kim found a job in a small, but busy, restaurant.

"We waitresses were run ragged," she recalled. "We worked a 48-hour week for \$15 salary plus tips. My tips averaged from \$15 to \$25 for a six-day week. It wasn't exactly inspiring."

Later she switched to working nights behind the counter of a hamburger stand.

"The pay was better, but the hours were worse," Kim summed up that job.

Endowed with a curvesome 36-24-35" figure, the pretty, 5'7" brunette weighed a well-distributed 128 pounds. Neither a lunch counter nor a waitress' uniform could hide her generous charms. As a result, Kim received a steady stream of requests for dates from appreciative customers.

"A lot of good it did me," she complained. "I love to go dancing and I've always liked men—most of them, that is. But when I finished work I didn't have much time or energy left for going out. Besides, my wages didn't provide money to buy the really nice clothes a girl likes to wear to impress her date."

About 18 months ago, Kim decided to try for a job as a night club dancer. She has never regretted the decision. Neither have any of the males lucky enough to pass within visual range of her act.

"I'd watched strip-teasers when I went to clubs with my dates," Kim explained. "I decided if they could do it, so could I."

Again, Kim's approach to stripping was much like that of most of the girls who each year swell the ranks of "exotic" dancers. She didn't go to an agent, but went directly to the manager of a night spot. He loaned her enough of a wardrobe to do one number: evening gown, gloves, etc. One audition, with a three-piece jazz combo providing a solid beat, and Kim had a job. Most club managers can spot a good thing. And what Kim lacked in finesse she made up in enthusiasm.

"Primarily, the dance movements are pretty basic," Kim said. "All a girl needs to start is a good figure, a little nerve and a strong sense of rhythm. Then she has to build from there. There is much to learn before a dancer becomes a polished performer and not just another undressed female."

Kim, who says she is "still learning," has progressed considerably since she started wriggling out of borrowed finery seven nights a week for a \$45 paycheck. She soon learned the advantages of having a good manager. She got one when Sol Goodman signed her up for his Two O'Clock Club, at 414 E. Baltimore St., where she now bares her charms.

Goodman, 45, has been doing business at the same stand for 20 years. Thousands of grateful men owe him a standing vote of thanks for discovering and coaching torrid stripper Blaze Starr. On Goodman's advice, Kim adopted her present stage name in place of "Dixie Darling," which she had been using. She joined the ranks of the American Guild of Variety Artists, to which she pays a \$36 annual dues.

Today she earns from \$90 to \$150 a week, depending on the city into which she is booked. Her average work week is 27 hours. Goodman, who has 13 other "exotics" under contract besides Kim, has recently booked her into New York and Florida. As her act improves, she will spend more time "on the circuit."

Kim must pay her own transportation to a club booking, but can get an advance on her salary if she needs it. Travel and wardrobe costs cut deeply into a performer's earnings. Kim pays from \$125 to \$250 for her gowns, which must be specially fitted.





*Paris in Baltimore*







Top bracket entertainers pay up to five times as much for their costumes, and earn five times as much money as Kim for a two-week booking. Kim pays from \$7.50 to \$20 a pair for black net stockings, almost as much for a G-string. The tinsel-and-cardboard pasties she places strategically on her bosom cost her from \$2.50 to \$5 a pair. She now has three costumes and is buying a fourth. With each gown she buys shoes, gloves and such accessories as a hat, muff or stole, bracelets and earrings.

The tight-fitting gowns used by Kim need constant repair, due to their owner's frenzied dance routines. Gowns and zippers take a lot of punishment, with the result that wardrobe upkeep is a regular budget item for the aspiring star.

As Kim has progressed in her tantalizing art she has improved her timing and organized her dance numbers so that they build steadily to their unclad climax. At Goodman's suggestion that she develop a specialty, she has become a tassel-twirler. By skillfully manipulating her pectoral muscles, she sets the tassels whirling first in one direction, then the other.

"Tassel-twirling is always in demand," she said. "It's good for a laugh and maybe some whistles. Sometimes I'll see women in the audience watching intently, and I know they're trying to figure out how it's done. They could do it, with enough practice."

Presently Kim is trying to improve her specialty by making her tassels spin in opposite directions simultaneously. She practices her routines in the afternoons in the four-room apartment she shares with her sister, Marietta, 21. As a working showgirl, Kim has to exercise regularly and watch her diet closely.

"I like all the wrong foods," she lamented. "I love pizza, but it's pure calories."

For Kim, the day begins at noon, when she wakes and fixes herself some "brunch." Afternoons may be spent shopping, posing for publicity photographs, mending a torn costume or having a new one fitted, or, she boasts, "just plain loafing." Usually she runs through what she terms "limbering up exercises" just before going to the Two O'Clock Club at 9:30 p.m. to start work. At 2 a.m. her work-day ends. After some coffee and the morning paper, she is in bed by 4 a.m.

"It's work, but it's fun, too," Kim concluded. "And there's always the chance of someday hitting the top billing."

Then, in a sudden about-face, the beautiful peeler made a startling confession.

"To tell the truth, though," Kim admitted wistfully, "I'd trade it all for a good husband and a family."

After Hours refuses to believe that there aren't several red-blooded volunteers to be found among its readers. ▲



## LILY ST. CYR

*Girl makes good to the tune  
of \$5,000 per week in nation's  
night clubs*

In this day and age of much publicized television give-away shows and million dollar projects, a curvacious and charming girl named Marie Van Schaack has been quietly mounting the ladder of professional success to a point where she can now boast of a whopping five thousand dollar salary each week she cares to work.

After changing her name to Lily St. Cyr, our gal proceeded to enchant the public in swank night clubs from coast to coast in her refreshing twist on the strip tease. Lily opens her act with a bath inside a unique waterless tub. With the help of a washcloth and an enormous bath towel Lily finally emerges from the tub, and then, in true ladylike style, takes about twenty minutes to dress completely.

Aside from her nitery act, Lily recently starred as Carmen in Hollywood's modern interpretation of the original opera. Another side line is Lily's lingerie firm which markets ladies unmentionables that Lily herself designs. Somehow, we would prefer to think of Miss St. Cyr not as a business tycoon, but rather as the very feminine young lady on these pages.





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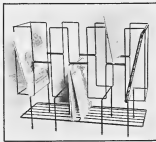
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We'll also be showing a dazzling pictorial on ITALIAN SCREEN STARS AND STAR-LETS, as well as the regular line-up of features covering the exciting world of AFTER HOURS entertainment . . .

Watch the newsstands for

## **after hours**



See  
**DUTCH TREAT**  
page 37

# after hours



See **CALYPSO**  
page 22



See **A GIRL, A CAR**  
and a **GIMMICK**  
page 4



See . . . **LIKE OLD SOLDIERS**  
page 16